

In the Grip of a Tyrefitter's Hand

Budgie

You've got your feelings
And your old fashioned feelings
About the world and its ways
No retribution no simple solution
I think we're caught in a maze
And all that plunder
And that feeling down under
It tends to gnaw at you
We're in the grip it's a total eclipse
And the tyre fitter's got you

Now let me explain this feeling of pain
Comes from the man at the top
His grip is so tight, his political might
The tyrefitter will not stop
He's bleeding your brain
He'll drive you insane
Nobody is making a move
He'll give you a pen, but he's got him his gun
Yeah the tyre man is oh so shrewd

I'm licking my wounds and I'm mending my bones
And catching the wind out of town
We're all in the grip of the tyrefitters hand
And it's doing me some harm
We're running away and it just ain't the way
You gotta get it into yourself
Watch what we do, yeah we gotta make do
And hide it away on a shelf